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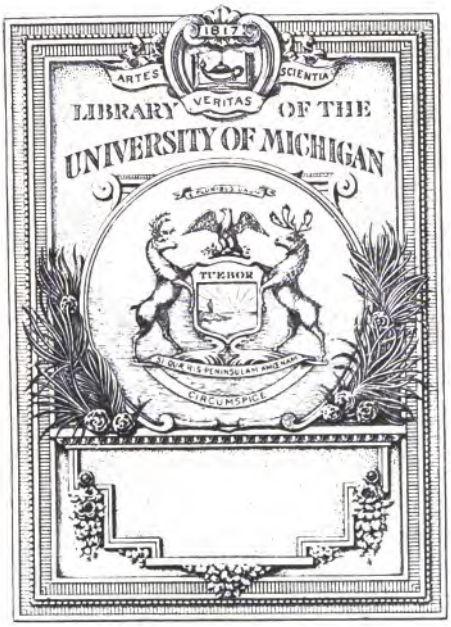
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RELIGION
AND
PHILOSOPHY:
A
TALE.
WITH
Five other PIECES.

By Major PACK. Richardson

LONDON,
Printed for E. CURLL in *Fleetſtreet*. M.DCC.XX.
(Price 6*d*.)

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Advertiſement.

THE *Epilogue to the* Spartan Dame *having been printed with that Play, and the* Song *being ſet to Muſick, I intreated the Favour of the Author to have leave to Print them in the ſame Size with his other Miſcellanies; and to which he has been pleaſed to add the Four other Pieces hereunto ſubjoined.*

The Reader is deſired to correct an Overſight committed in the Title of the ſecond Copy of Verſes, thus; inſtead of Earl, *read* Duke of *Greenwich.*

MFP

RELIGION AND *PHILOSOPHY.*

A TALE.

IRIS, a tender soft believing Maid,
By too much Easiness to *Vice* betray'd,
Lamenting now the fleeting Pleasure lost,
Her Beauty faded, and her Wishes croft;

With Shame reflects on all her Wand'rings paſt,
And fain would fix in *Virtue's* Seat at laſt:
Abjures the WORLD; and, in her ſable Veil,
Learns to look ſolemn, and devoutly rail:
But, finding ſtill ſtrong Conflicts in her Heart,
From Nature ſtruggling with the Pow'r of Art,
Lives an odd Mixture of *Coquet* and *Prude*,
Awkardly Pious, and Demurely Lewd.

HER perjur'd Rover, whom *Ambition* fir'd,
(*Glory* the Swain, and *Love* the Nymph inſpir'd)
The Gay PHILAUTUS, had forſook the Plain,
Seduc'd by Hopes of *Honour* and of *Gain*;
Proud to be thought a Wretched Tool of State,
Indulg'd his Vanity, and urg'd his Fate;

Till

Till seeing *Chance*, not *Worth*, decide the Prize,
Just *Patriots* fall, and artful *Villains* rise,
He flies the COURT, and all its gilded Snares;
And seeks some *humble Spot*, remote from *Cares*:
Yet, whilst he meditates this wise *Retreat*,
Envies, I know not how, those Fools *The Great*;
And, under all his self-denying Grace,
Still feels a secret Passion for a *Place*.

Dull are our *Maxims*! False our grave *Pretence*!
REASON, at last, will prove the *Dupe* of SENSE.
Our *Age* is influenc'd as our *Youth* inclin'd,
And the same *Byass* always rules the Mind.

To His GRACE the

Earl of *GREENWICH*,

UPON

Reading the following Lines in his PATENT.

CUM Viri illius, cui novos hiſce Literis Patentibus Titulos decernimus, & egregia in Nos Patriamque ſuam merita, & illuſtre Genus, & Majorum res geſtæ, *Hiſtoria-*

rum

rum monumentis celebratæ, *satis incla-ruerint*, (quibus rationibus adductus fu-mus eum summo inter Proceres honore dignari) *nil opus est pluribus recensere*: ergo, &c.

MIndless of Fate in these low vile Abodes,
MADMEN have oft usurp'd the *Style* of GODS.
But, that the MORTAL might be thought DIVINE,
The HERALD strait new-model'd all the LINE;
Or venal PRIEST, with well-dissembled Lye,
Præambled to the Croud the *Mimick* DEITY.
Not so Great SATURN's Son, Imperial JOVE,
HE reigns *unquestion'd* in the Realms above,
No Title from *Descent* HE need infer;
His *Red Right-Arm* proclaims the THUNDERER.

Such,

Such justly be thy Pride, Illustrious Peer!
Alike, You shine *unrival'd* in your Sphere:
All *Merit* but your *own* You may disdain;
And KINGS have been YOUR ANCESTORS *in vain.*

II.

SONG:

Set to MUSICK

By *Mr.* Roſengraefe.

I.

TELL me, tender Youths, who languiſh
For ſome Fair Diſdainful She,
If you feel the cruel Anguiſh,
That afflicts and tortures Me.

II.

II.

Are your Sighs in Tempeſts riſing?
Do your Tears in Torrents flow?
Doth the Nymph, your Grief deſpiſing,
Falſely ſmile, to mock your Woe?

III.

Lo on raging Billows toſſing,
Juſt in Proſpect of the Coaſt,
Hidden Rocks my Paſſage croſſing,
Me poor ſhipwreck'd Lover loſt!

FRAGMENT

OF A

LETTER.

WHEN GLORY doth the HERO's Boſom fire,
How *ſweet* is HOPE! how *gay* is young DESIRE!
Of all thoſe INSTINCTS which to MAN are given,
AMBITION ſeems the *loudeſt Call* of HEAVEN:
Indulge then, FRIEND, thy noble *Thirſt* of FAME,
Nor let vain *Fears* thy gen'rous *Ardour* tame.

Who would live always *dully* on the SHORE,
That might the *Wonders* of the DEEP explore?
Down the *ſtrong Current* let us *ſwiftly* glide;
Spread all our *Sails*, and *aid* the ſwelling *Tide*!
If *Rocks* appear, or ſudden *Tempeſts* riſe,
With *Pilot*-REASON gravely we'll adviſe;
By *her Directions ſteer* the doubtful *Courſe*;
Here uſe our *Skill*, or there employ our *Force*.
Yet ne'er *Deſpair*, though every *Planet lour*,
But truſt to FORTUNE for ſome *ſmiling Hour*.
Each bold ADVENT'RER will a *Seaſon* find
When that *Coy* MISTRESS of the World is *Kind*.
The *faint Addreſſes* of the *Baſhful* fail,
But the *Home-puſher* always will prevail.
Thus, oft repuls'd, a YOUTH who long had born
With *humble Awe* his haughty FAIR-ONE's *Scorn*,

At

At length with *Luſt* and *Indignation* fir'd,
Reſolv'd to gain by *Force* what He deſir'd;
And *ruſhing* on with *Fury* to her Arms,
In wild Diſorder *rifled* all her Charms.
The NYMPH was *pleas'd*; the LOVER was *reſtor'd*;
And from her SLAVE in time became her LORD.

EPILOGUE

TO

Mr. *Southern*'s Spartan Dame:

Spoken by Mr. WILKS.

OUR Author's *Muſe* a numerous Iſſue boaſts;
And many of the Daughters have been *Toaſts*.
She who now laſt appears upon the Stage,
(The Hopes and Joy of his declining Age)
With

With modeſt Fears, a cens'ring World to ſhun,
Retir'd a while, and liv'd conceal'd a *Nun*:
At length, releas'd from that Reſtraint, the *Dame*
Truſts to the Town her Fortune and her Fame.
Abſence and Time have loſt her many Friends,
But *this bright Circle* makes her large Amends.
To You, *Fair Judges*, She ſubmits her Cauſe;
Nor doubts, if *You* approve, the *Mens* Applauſe.
Some *ſullen formal Rogue* perhaps may lour,
(REBEL to *Female*, as to *Royal* Power)
But all the *Gay*, the *Gallant*, and the *Great*,
On *Beauty*'s Standard with *Ambition* wait.
Glory is vain, where *Love* has had no part:
The *Poſt* of *Honour* is a *Woman's Heart*.
Ev'n *Chains* are *Ornaments*, that You beſtow;
The more your *Slaves*, the *Prouder* ſtill we grow.

MAN,

MAN, a rough Creature, *savage form'd* and *rude*,
By You to *gentler Manners* is subdu'd:
In the *sweet Habitude* we grow *refin'd*,
And polish *Strength* with *Elegance* of *Mind*.
OUR SEX may represent the *bolder Powers*;
The *Graces*, *Muses*, and the *Virtues*, YOURS.

BUT ah! 'tis pity, that for want of Care,
Madmen and *Fops* your *Bounty* sometimes share;
Wretches in *Wit's* despight and *Nature's* born,
Beneath your *Favour*, nay, below your *Scorn*.
May poor CELONA's Wrongs a Warning prove,
And teach the FAIR with *Dignity* to *Love*.
Let *Wealth* ne'er tempt you to abandon *Sense*;
Nor *Knaves* seduce you with their *grave Pretence*.

Be vile *Profaneneſs* ever in diſgrace;
And *Vice* abhor'd, as *Treacherous* and *Baſe*.
Revere Yourſelves; and, conſcious of your Charms,
Receive no *Dæmon* to an *Angel's* Arms.
Succeſs can then alone your *Vows* attend,
When *Worth's* the *Motive*, *Conſtancy* the *End*.

AN EXPOSTULATION WITH AN *ACQUAINTANCE*, *Who was going to Marry an Old Rich* PARSON.

AND hath my Lovely Perjur'd CLOE ſwore,
That I muſt never, never meet her more?
Is there no kind *Propenſion* in your Heart,
That ſtirs to take your injur'd STREPHON's part?

Yes,

Yes, yes, Methinks, thro' all This forc'd Diſguiſe
I ſee your SOUL *debating* in your EYES.
PRUDENCE in vain would INCLINATION hide:
When LOVE lies *Panting* underneath your PRIDE.
WEDLOCK, you ſay, will all This *Conflict* end—
And, for a HUSBAND could You quit a FRIEND?
Cold are the *Comforts* of That MARRIAGE-BED
Where *Intereſt* only Tempts the BRIDE to *Wed.*
Canſt THOU, now YOUTH doth every *Senſe* invite
To *Flow'ry Paths* of *daily-new Delight*,
Renounce at once the *Court*, the *Park*, and *Play*;
The *Pleaſures* of the *Night*, and *Scandal* of the *Day*?
With tedious *Sermons* have thy *Patience* vext,
While *your Head* rambles on another *Text*?
Or, when *ſoft Harmony* might Charm thy Ear,
STERNHOLD's *vile Pſalms* in *viler Conſorts* hear?

Live thus *Unknown* to Moſt, *Deſpis'd* by Some,
Abroad *Unpity'd*, and *Diſtreſs'd* at Home?
No, no, You'd ſoon Lament your *alter'd State*,
Wiſh a freſh Change, but *Wiſh* perhaps *too late*.
Think then *Betimes*, e'er yet YOU are *Undone*;
Nor put theſe *Matrimonial Fetters* on.
But if, howe'er, YOUR PARENTS have Decreed,
To join YOU with this REV'REND INVALID,
NATURE may ſtill *Co-operate* with GRACE,
And ſome *ſound* CURATE fill the RECTOR'S *Place*.

FINIS.